

Norwich Bulletin and Courier

114 YEARS OLD.

Subscription price, 12c a week; 50c a month; \$5.00 a year.
Entered at the Postoffice at Norwich, Conn., as second-class matter, March 19, 1896.
Postoffice Call No. 35.
Bulletin Business Office, 450, Bulletin Editorial Rooms, 350-A, Bulletin Job Office, 35-B, Williamette Office, Room 2, Murray Building, Telephone, 210.

Norwich, Saturday, March 19, 1910.

The Circulation of The Bulletin.

The Bulletin has the largest circulation of any paper in Eastern Connecticut, and from three to four times larger than that of any in Norwich. It is delivered to over 2,000 of the 4,000 houses in Norwich, and sent by carrier to the rest of the city. In Windham it is delivered to over 800 houses, in Putnam and Danielson to over 1,100, and in all of these places it is considered the local daily. Eastern Connecticut has forty-five towns, one hundred and sixty-five postoffice districts, and forty-one rural free delivery routes. The Bulletin is sold in every town and on all the R. F. D. routes in Eastern Connecticut.

CIRCULATION

1901, average	4,412
1905, average	5,920
March 12, 1910	7,642

THE WAY TO THRIFT.

The way to thrift is not the road of the masses. Keeping in the social swim is a custom which keeps thousands out of the thrifty class. The first position of thrift is that of being a lender of money instead of a borrower, and that is what every depositor in a savings bank actually becomes. The way to financial security is the day of self-denial and it ever will be. No one can have his cake and eat it. The power to check out wants and to create balances instead of deficits is the first sign of mastery. It is not to carry more than a dime to one's credit; and the multiplying of the dimes is what spells success.

Andrew Carnegie is right in saying that the first goal of a wage-earner in saving should be to acquire \$1,000. Virtually all rich men who have given their testimony on the subject agree on this point. Another point which Mr. Carnegie makes, and upon which there is a consensus of opinion among men of his class, is that money grows surprisingly fast after the first \$1,000 is acquired. Money grows while a man sleeps, while all the men who have no capital and do manual or clerical labor is what he earns while he is awake.

Self-denial is only inviting to those who become conscious of what it means in the end. It really means a higher and better plane of life, the independence, the security and the confidence which is the fruit of the ability to meet every claim of every creditor. This is the sure way to command the respect and regard of others, the shortest and truest road to prosperity and to realize the ambitions which harass the soul.

FORTUNE FIRST—EDUCATION AFTERWARDS.

It has fallen to Daniel Waidfeld of Monticello, Mass., to reverse the usual order of things, by first making a fortune and then taking a college course. Mr. Field is rated as a millionaire, is a director in several corporations and employs 5,000 people in his Brooklyn shoe factories. He has entered the Harvard business school as a student. He is, of course, especially interested in corporation law, and the studies which will make him even a greater captain of industry. At his success of life he will not find the college diversions necessary to his success, for he knows his purpose in becoming a student at Harvard, and if a little late will be the more concentrated and intent upon his purpose.

If our memory serves us, there is a Missouri woman of 92 taking a college course because she has always desired to take such a course and at that age saw and grasped her first opportunity, and she is likely to live to acquire herself with honor.

Commenting upon the boy and the college course, an exchange says: "The truth is that a boy may be spoiled by studying too little in college, or he may be spoiled by studying too much. He may on the other hand, be vastly benefited by a college course if he can go through it retaining his human sympathy, his habit of observation and his native independence. The boy who enters the Harvard business school as a student, he is, of course, especially interested in corporation law, and the studies which will make him even a greater captain of industry. At his success of life he will not find the college diversions necessary to his success, for he knows his purpose in becoming a student at Harvard, and if a little late will be the more concentrated and intent upon his purpose.

WESTON'S WONDERFUL ENDURANCE.

Edward Payson Weston celebrated his 73rd birthday on the road between San Francisco and New York one day this week, and he signalled the day by walking 73 miles between morn and eve, a task which would have tired a horse, and is still doing his daily long distance walking stunts several days a week. Weston has made athletic life his hobby and sport and he has shown what care and culture of the body means not only to him but to every man who will give himself to temperance, habits and physical training. Because there are not many men in the millions forming the population of this country who can perform such a feat at 73 does not make of him a freak or other men wackos. He has kept the law of the physical, has lived in the pure, kept his lungs expanded through deep breathing and his muscles like iron by steady exercise, and his heart vigorous by the perfect action of his body; and as the result of this physical harmony he has the mental vigor of youth. There is no feebleness of age manifesting itself in him. He is in perfect health, as any man can be at his age who has kept the faith. The inspiring example set by Weston, who has fullness of life because he has practiced what he has preached,

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

A man not only has to fight for what he gets in this world, but he has to battle to keep what he has originated. The way the Wrights are invoking the aid of the law to protect their rights while they reap the profits resulting from their study and genius shows this. They not only distinguished themselves as aviators first, but found out that the theories concerning air flight were all wrong and that to win the true principles of flight must first be discovered, and they discovered them. It is said that there is not a single airship which does not resemble theirs, monoplanes, biplanes or multiplanes, and it is their patent rights which they are guarding that involve them in so many lawsuits.

The bird men of Dayton are not only battling to reap the results of their labors, but to prevent the product of their genius being stolen and the rewards being reaped by others. They regard the aeroplane as still in the exhibition stage. The problem of safety has not been worked out. Skill and unshakable nerve are still the requisites for making a flight. The element of risk which so delights the patrons of state and county fairs can be supplied in any quantity called for. The day has not yet arrived when the amateur can pick up and assemble his machine, read his book of directions, take his seat, start his engine and go soaring over hill and meadow. It may be a long time before the rural postman will drop his packets of papers and letters into a hopper conveniently placed among the treetops, or airships will be seen carrying passengers and freights across New England skies.

WHAT STIRRED ENGLISH BLOOD.

The treatment received by Millenore Patten in England was a surprise to this country and the conservatives rapped John Bull over the knuckles hard, preaching sermons to him upon the virtue of being a good loser as well as a good winner. He did not sit in silence and let his critics yap; but in prompt order presented his point of view which so agitated his booters and hisers and gave the toe of his boot such a suspicious movement that Mr. Patten fled precipitately and tumbled into a cab in time to escape the humiliating climax. He set forth that the winning and losing was a part of the game which they recognized with complacency, but what they objected to was this, after they had been skinned and were sore they resent the coming back of the fakers of their prey for the purpose of shaking it in their face. They will not tolerate the extreme of insolence, for they regard it as an insult and a challenge to violence. That seems to be so well stated that Mr. Patten and all others Americans understand it, and future skinnings of the British capitalist on cotton or any other natural product will know right where to draw the line of their operations. John Bull is not kicking at wounds, but he'll let no American rub salt into them without kicking.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Only one democratic senator voted for the postal savings bank bill.

The banquet designed to celebrate a divorce can only be inviting to the shameless.

In the prejudice of the people Cannon and Aldrich dwell as twins of equal deserts.

There is no room to doubt that Roosevelt will be in favor of Taft as a successor of Taft.

Our Irish fellow citizens are not only alive on St. Patrick's day, but every day in the year.

It has become a fact that the novel spoken of as "barley decent" does not get up among the best sellers.

The Easter bonnet never sings: "Hard times, hard times, come again no more!" It knows no hard times.

Colonel Roosevelt doesn't need the franking privilege. He would honor himself if he declined to accept it.

The cigarette among the English women is giving way to the pipe. They will know what pipe dreams are now.

Allowing the hatpin to exceed the diameter of the hat by one inch is undesirable license. Just look at those diameters.

Happy thought for today: The person who lives up to his temper can make no pretence about religion but a false pretence.

Elbert Hubbard defends the Standard Oil company as the greatest American industry and greatest benefactor of modern times.

Andrew Carnegie ought to feel proud of being mistaken for a reporter, if the footman did, in consequence, prevent him from seeing Mrs. Sage.

The 350 marines especially sent to the Canal zone have been ordered back to Philadelphia. The 1,400 remaining can take care of American interests.

The Waterbury American can toss off a 32-page edition with perfect ease and in perfect shape. Typographic is an art in The American office.

A microscope that will reveal objects 2-5,000th of an inch in size has been invented. They ought to be able to discover Dr. Cook's sagacity, now.

A Chicago woman was pleased by the skillful way a male pickpocket relieved her of her purse. She saw that he was an artist as well as a reprobate.

There is a popular candy sold in Chicago that contains 25.5 per cent. ether, 2.5 per cent. ether oil and 65 per cent. alcohol. They do not tell what holds it together.

New England does not want a 25 per cent. addition to the Canadian tariff as a matter of retaliation. It would push the importers more than the Canadian government.

The first survey and preliminary arrangements have been completed by the Transvaal government for the extension of the railway from Ficksburg to the copper fields at Messina, 200 miles to the north, with an ultimate continuation across the Limpopo into Rhodesia. The whole district through which the railway will run is rich in mineral resources and agricultural possibilities, and the construction of the line, which is to be proceeded with forthwith, will mark an important epoch in Transvaal development.

THE MAN WHO TALKS

When I was a small boy with a toady's inclination, mother used to say: "The devil finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." I didn't know then that his satanic majesty did not have any time to fool with any one who was busy. I'm sorry to say that I regret this now, for I have never since it came to look to me like living with and then I realized why a mother full of solicitude for her boy should make it indelible. You'll see that if a man is busy in evil pursuits he doesn't need the devil's attention, and if he is about his Master's business he has no use for him. It is the dawdlers he labors with and it is not surprising that he finds them to be easy prey.

If I was a betting man I should be willing to lay considerable of a wager upon the statement that no one ever clings more tenaciously to anything on earth than his good opinion of himself. If you want to discover a man or woman's unshakable faith in his or her own opinion of his political party, his church or his government, his neighbors, his home or his children, but when he comes to that it is all right. That's how it is to be a man of worth and to sell him at his own valuation would be a quick method of getting rich. When we come to man's conceit this is its center of gravity. It is not naughtiness, but it is generally an exaggeration and doesn't stand the test of time.

Some people are mighty shy about telling their age, and while this is regarded as a feminine and noble quality is caught declining to reveal his years. As a rule there is no harm done by your having opinions and your own sign cannot be readily hid. We have a complimentary way of guessing ages on twenty years under appearances for the purposes ofattery, and the chance to say complimenarily: "I should never have dreamed it!" when we are better acquainted than we are. It is to ourselves some of us would realize that it is safer to tell one's true age than to have it honestly guessed. We actually look older than we are, have any right to—we have worked too hard or fretted too much and the signs of our dissipation are cleaner cut than our years warrant.

Somehow it seems to me to be better to be slow rather than hasty when one makes a new acquaintance in getting him know that we have opinions. It is better to let a stranger think that you have opinions and he will not think so, than to assure him at once that you are opinionated, since his favor or his prejudices are easily excited. Old Bonaparte, who was a good repulse and it does not pay one to reveal that he is of the same flesh and blood. Opinions are like snakes, and to keep to one's self until they are wanted, for they are seldom appreciated. If they have not been asked for, and then, if they are asked for, they are excusable. Tossing out opinions freely is too much of a hot air exercise to be commendable.

Yes, William, I believe in average men where there are enough to establish an average. There are not yet seen two average men of equal capacity. There are averages and averages in this world. There is an average wage and an average minister's salary, and an average citizen and an average price for everything except kisses. Two many of them go so far as to say an average has never yet been struck. Averages always have been and always will be made or made or made. There is an average beauty, but I confess that I should not know that on sight. I have been so thoroughly taught beauty that I don't know. I do not consider myself competent along that line.

I have known men who could quote scripture better than they could live up to it. It seemed a joy to them to be able to quote the Bible, and in the lore of long ago. They were so much better at that than living a Godly life that they always appeared like a great discrepancy. The difference between what they were and what they ought to be was as striking as rouge on the face of a brute. They were not knowing how. Such people do not realize that their words and their acts do not harmonize. They think the world is against them when they are against themselves and have the power for reform in their own hands.

A great many folks do not know what a vice is. This is the reason, perhaps, that many of our people have vices, while they declare that they are saved from sin—cannot sin—always have been and are now. A hallucination. Now any practice that weakens the will and injures the health is a vice. Excessive zeal even in the pursuit of goodness has made nervous wrecks of some people. That is a vice just as much as the excessive use of stimulants. Excessive kindness is not a virtue. The Saviour's calmness, his perfect self-control, were among the strongest evidences of his divinity. Religion which lacks this, lacks the diviner expression.

I was somewhat surprised the other day to read in the municipal tri-span-life was the only life which marked the globe for ten million years. I wondered how the author became aware of that, and I knew I had not to a year about it when he wasn't there and made no claim to personal acquaintance with the author. He was the job. If I may be left to judge this was about 60,000,000 years before the establishment of the garden of Eden. I do not know how long ago, whatever that may be, it seemed to be safe guessing. What facts we do see in books—what wild statements we accept to bolster up a theory. I guess I'm not so sure about most of it.

If you wish to please a slanderer, just let him know that you are about what he said about you. Those who like to irritate others and no pleasure in it, unless they have them going. Old Epictetus laughed when he learned someone had said evil things about him, and when asked why he laughed replied: "Did he know me better he could have said something worse!" Do not worry about take estimates or misrepresentation, for that is easily remedied. The thing to fear is the truth, and you will discover that is what circulates the most. The more you know, the more you will have more charity for others, but those whose worst side is their blind side, the more they are judgment of others. Try to know how bad you are and you'll grow better.

I have always noticed that those who desire to push everything to the bitter end discover later on that they were the ones worst bitten. Following up a grudge can make an ass of a person as quick as anything in this world can. Revenge isn't sweet—it is forgiveness that elevates the soul. It is queer we Christians haven't learned to forgive quicker—have not become adept at forgetting the disagreeable things of life. To remember the wrongs of others is to fan the flames of hate which often lead to feverish brutality. It is good to be rid of the savage elements and to feel that it is beneath a man. The price of supremacy is to be above the irritating instincts which make the brute.

Canada's mileage of railways in operation increased last year by 1,135 miles.

WE GO ON OUR WAY REJOICING

(Written for the Bulletin.)
There is nothing I like better than to sing dole over the heartache with my sister-friend for one of our talks. I tell her everything—almost—except the few things I tell the man who is a brother—friend to us both, and the many, many things I never dream of telling to anybody. What I regret is that I have no sister of my own, blood-kind? With her, I may think about it. I do not have to arrange my thoughts and painfully clothe them in fitting words before I dare speak. With her, I never need to be on my guard. I may lose my voice, my voice breaking, and pushed a bit of driftwood deeper in amid the glowing coals, she began:

"Ever since I learned that I am on a long journey, I have agreed with myself to take the incidents of travel as things of the moment merely, as things indeed of no moment. Since I have learned that no outward condition or circumstance can touch my inner life—which is always rich and full and sweet—I find that I am walking on a higher level from which I am able to look far off over the things that used to hurt and stab and sting; able to push aside much of what is so hard to understand and so hard to bear, as no concern of mine. When I remember that I am pressing on, climbing up into finer air, and as I command a broader outlook, what need I care for the buzzing of flies, or the stinging of wasps, for the stones that cut my feet, or the rain that drenches me to the skin? If none of these things move me, why should I not go on my way rejoicing?"

"But when sorrow comes," I questioned. "When loved ones die, when friends forsake us, when grief gnaws at the heart?"

"These, too, are but incidents of the long journey," she answered tenderly. "Heart-breaking, yet incidents, none the less. We are still journeying on, all of us, and all of us together. Some have climbed a little higher and some have helped me to do so, while we in turn can stretch our hands down to those just below, and speak a cheering word. It is not difficult to call back. 'Come on! An hour ago I stood where you are standing now. It is an ugly spot, it looks dangerous. Follow the path, and you'll come out all right.' Really, you know, this is about as much as we can ever do for anybody. Little enough, but it helps. I, who am often weary with climbing, know how it helps when some one farther along sings out, 'Come on! Follow the path, and you'll find safe footing just beyond.'"

You see, she went on, pursuing her own thought, "we have to learn to draw a clean sword-cut between that which really matters, and all that does not matter in the leading. We must learn to separate, to cleave asunder, to see that as these incidents of travel do not touch our inner life, we can turn them aside, and use them in the real business of our lives."

"What is the real business of our lives?" I asked.
She answered me with a smile. "Why, just to journey on along the path that leads—Somewhere—glad of the sun in the leading. We must learn to pass them on to others; willing not to understand, willing that things should not always come our way, willing to work, willing to wait, glad always, and grateful, happy and still and serene."

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Edith Barker, who plays Shirley Rossenore in "The Lion and the Mouse" for many years supported Chauncey Olcott.

The important part of Dina in Ibsen's "Pillars of Society," which Mrs. Pike will produce on Monday at the Lyceum theater, New York, has been assigned to Marie Madden.

Three performances are to be given of Hauptmann's "Lonely Lives" in this country before long. They will be under the direction of Julius Hopp, who is responsible for "the socialist dramatic movement."

Harrison Grey Fiske has arranged with Conductor Birnbaum for the use of a novel instrument, the celesta, in the score of Marchall's music for Hauptmann's "Hannele," in which Mrs. Pike will be seen in New York.

Oscar Saelger has enjoyed an enviable reputation for vocal training and has a formidable list of opera stars to his credit: Riccardo Martin, Edith Barker, who plays Shirley Rossenore in "The Lion and the Mouse" for many years supported Chauncey Olcott.

The agitation and the preachments of the last few years are bringing many persons in high places and the possessors of large opportunities to realize that it is not safe to put a hedge between them and the people, and that the rank and file of people want and expect and mean to have in due time. How much better it is for corporations and richly-dowered individuals instead of having to be forced to please the public, to anticipate its attitude and in the best sense of the term to cater to it.

I was talking the other day with a man familiar with both the east and west who said that in the last section of the country the railroads simply were obliged to pay deference to public sentiment, whereas in the east the established east the railroads had come to feel a certain proprietary right which made them sometimes careless of the wishes of the public. I do not know how true this distinction is, but I am sure that the deliberate or even the unintentional ignoring of the demands of the people furnishes the best soil for the sowing of socialistic and anarchistic doctrines.

But this little phrase has wider and more personal bearing. Some of us not in any way charged with determining the policies of the great corporations need to order our actions and shape the course of our thinking by this same form. We ought to preach and teach, and live, as we live, to administer our homes and walk the streets with a view to pleasing, not irritating, or scorning, or despising, or degrading the public. This does not mean that the minister shall pare down his convictions in order to please the popular palate, or the doctor the lawyer should swerve from what he knows to be right procedure, but that they all shoot the line of as wide service to as large and variegated an assortment of humanity as possible.

Barnum, the showman, used to "study to please." He did it for commercial ends, but the Christian man can do it from a higher motive. Here I think of the old fellow who was doing this or that or the other thing, discouraged, sulky, fretful, lonely, headed in the wrong direction. Why not make it a point to please as many of them as we can, to entertain them, to divert them, to cheer and uplift them? It may take only a smile or our way downtown, or a cordial handshake, or a brief, friendly letter, or a "Hello there, old fellow!" How are things with you this morning? How are things with you this evening?

The public be pleased. After all, the public, when rightly understood, is not such a hard matter to please. We seek to please if we are recognizing the fact that all of us are more important than any one of us, that no one liveth unto himself, and that the more constant one's outgo of goodwill and helpfulness the more one is to speed forward the day when all men shall live together in the spirit of Him who "pleased himself."

proposition, not to request a lecture on the conduct of my personal affairs. It is a queer old world," I laughed indifferently, "and filled with the queerest sort of folk."
My sister-friend was lying back on the cushions of the great easy chair, resting. Soft lace fell away from her throat, and hands lightly clasped on her lap, and from her pretty hair to the tips of her shapely feet she sat in a picture of repose. She was so still, so serene, so remote, you might have thought the soul of her was far away, but that the eyes were shining. As I stopped short, my voice breaking, and pushed a bit of driftwood deeper in amid the glowing coals, she began:

"Ever since I learned that I am on a long journey, I have agreed with myself to take the incidents of travel as things of the moment merely, as things indeed of no moment. Since I have learned that no outward condition or circumstance can touch my inner life—which is always rich and full and sweet—I find that I am walking on a higher level from which I am able to look far off over the things that used to hurt and stab and sting; able to push aside much of what is so hard to understand and so hard to bear, as no concern of mine. When I remember that I am pressing on, climbing up into finer air, and as I command a broader outlook, what need I care for the buzzing of flies, or the stinging of wasps, for the stones that cut my feet, or the rain that drenches me to the skin? If none of these things move me, why should I not go on my way rejoicing?"

"But when sorrow comes," I questioned. "When loved ones die, when friends forsake us, when grief gnaws at the heart?"

"These, too, are but incidents of the long journey," she answered tenderly. "Heart-breaking, yet incidents, none the less. We are still journeying on, all of us, and all of us together. Some have climbed a little higher and some have helped me to do so, while we in turn can stretch our hands down to those just below, and speak a cheering word. It is not difficult to call back. 'Come on! An hour ago I stood where you are standing now. It is an ugly spot, it looks dangerous. Follow the path, and you'll come out all right.' Really, you know, this is about as much as we can ever do for anybody. Little enough, but it helps. I, who am often weary with climbing, know how it helps when some one farther along sings out, 'Come on! Follow the path, and you'll find safe footing just beyond.'"

You see, she went on, pursuing her own thought, "we have to learn to draw a clean sword-cut between that which really matters, and all that does not matter in the leading. We must learn to separate, to cleave asunder, to see that as these incidents of travel do not touch our inner life, we can turn them aside, and use them in the real business of our lives."

"What is the real business of our lives?" I asked.
She answered me with a smile. "Why, just to journey on along the path that leads—Somewhere—glad of the sun in the leading. We must learn to pass them on to others; willing not to understand, willing that things should not always come our way, willing to work, willing to wait, glad always, and grateful, happy and still and serene."

SUNDAY MORNING TALK

THE "PUBLIC BE PLEASED" POLICY.

"That was a bold and happy stroke in the part of a new traction company to be able to surmise what the connection with its detailed announcement of its plans it added, as a kind of watchword, this line: 'The public be pleased.' It is a happy stroke, since in that same city a railroad magnate, swelling with a sense of his own superiority, and with a feeling of contempt for the indifference to the public in language more emphatic than quotable. The total reversal of the short-sighted and selfish policy indicated by the words 'the public be pleased' is one of the cheering signs of a new way which humanity is treading today.

The agitation and the preachments of the last few years are bringing many persons in high places and the possessors of large opportunities to realize that it is not safe to put a hedge between them and the people, and that the rank and file of people want and expect and mean to have in due time. How much better it is for corporations and richly-dowered individuals instead of having to be forced to please the public, to anticipate its attitude and in the best sense of the term to cater to it.

I was talking the other day with a man familiar with both the east and west who said that in the last section of the country the railroads simply were obliged to pay deference to public sentiment, whereas in the east the established east the railroads had come to feel a certain proprietary right which made them sometimes careless of the wishes of the public. I do not know how true this distinction is, but I am sure that the deliberate or even the unintentional ignoring of the demands of the people furnishes the best soil for the sowing of socialistic and anarchistic doctrines.

But this little phrase has wider and more personal bearing. Some of us not in any way charged with determining the policies of the great corporations need to order our actions and shape the course of our thinking by this same form. We ought to preach and teach, and live, as we live, to administer our homes and walk the streets with a view to pleasing, not irritating, or scorning, or despising, or degrading the public. This does not mean that the minister shall pare down his convictions in order to please the popular palate, or the doctor the lawyer should swerve from what he knows to be right procedure, but that they all shoot the line of as wide service to as large and variegated an assortment of humanity as possible.

Barnum, the showman, used to "study to please." He did it for commercial ends, but the Christian man can do it from a higher motive. Here I think of the old fellow who was doing this or that or the other thing, discouraged, sulky, fretful, lonely, headed in the wrong direction. Why not make it a point to please as many of them as we can, to entertain them, to divert them, to cheer and uplift them? It may take only a smile or our way downtown, or a cordial handshake, or a brief, friendly letter, or a "Hello there, old fellow!" How are things with you this morning? How are things with you this evening?

The public be pleased. After all, the public, when rightly understood, is not such a hard matter to please. We seek to please if we are recognizing the fact that all of us are more important than any one of us, that no one liveth unto himself, and that the more constant one's outgo of goodwill and helpfulness the more one is to speed forward the day when all men shall live together in the spirit of Him who "pleased himself."

Allen Hodgson is singing Fritz Schell's role in "The Prima Donna," owing to the nervous breakdown of the star.

BROADWAY THEATRE Friday and Saturday, March 11th and 12th

100—Sheedy & Jackson's Vaudeville—100
GUS HORNBOOK'S BRONCHO BUFFERS, consisting of 8 people and 3 horses—A Sensational Western Novelty.
WILLIE SOLAR AND ROGERS ALICE, Late Stars of Gus Edwards' Country Kicks Co.
HENRY BOBKEL, The Boy Behind the Suit Case. Positively Complete change of Pictures Daily.
CHILDREN AT MATINEES 5c—8 SHOWS DAILY—2.30, 7, 9.45.

VAUDEVILLE MOTION PICTURES
AND ILLUSTRATED SONGS.
MARCH 21st
3 SHOWS DAILY KEITH & PROCTORS 2.30, 7 and 9.45
Direct from New York Hippodrome
—MME. ANITA DIAZ MONKS—
Positively the Best Monkey Act in Vaudeville.
SADIE CALHOUN, Late Star of Way Down East Folk.
BERTINA & BROCKWAY, Acrobatic Sister Act.
ADMISSION 10c—EVENINGS, RESERVED SEATS, 20c.
HALSTON & SON, 3 Ft. Fisher and Ft. Son, Funnies Ever.
AUDITORIUM DUO, High Class Songs.

Marie Rappold, Allan Hineckley, Henri Scott, and now the best tenor voice he has ever trained, Orville Harrold. Harrold's success is assured, as was shown in his two appearances at Casino in "Pagliacci" at the Manhattan.

Marcella Sembrich brought joy to music lovers at Parnassus theater, Hartford, this week, once more giving us her wonderful art; her voice was perfectly clear and sweet, true in every note and of ample sustaining power for all that it was called on to do. The audience was enthusiastically appreciative.

The Important Problem

confronting anyone in need of a laxative is not a question of a single action only, but of permanently beneficial effects, which will follow proper efforts to live in a healthful way, with the assistance of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, whenever it is required, as it cleanses the system gently yet promptly, without irritation and will therefore always have the preference of all who wish the best of family laxatives.

The combination has the approval of physicians because it is known to be truly beneficial, and because it has given satisfaction to the millions of well-informed families who have used it for many years past. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

Special Price FOR 10 DAYS ONLY

On Tailor-made Suits

S. LEON, Ladies' Tailor, 278 Main St. Phone 712-6. Jan21d

THE PLANK

Headquarters for Best Ales, Lagers, Etc., in Town. JAMES O'CONNELL, Proprietor. Telephone 507. Oct2d

A Magnificent Display of Women's Suits

Ready for the Early Easter
Easter comes very early this year. Only nine days left now to buy the Easter Suit and get it ready to wear a week from next Sunday.

Early as it is we are abundantly ready of the best styles that will be seen this season are here for you to select from. Suits to meet the requirements of widely varying fancies, yet all bearing the impress of correct style and tasteful design. Throughout the great range there is an assortment of models, a beauty of style, and a high grade of materials, fit and workmanship.

Our showing of Suits at popular prices we show styles embracing the most desirable models, materials and colors.
Women's Dresses, Skirts and Tailored Waists at popular prices.

ALL ALTERATIONS FREE

American Fur, Cloak & Suit Co.

140 Main Street, Norwich.

BROADWAY THEATRE

Monday, March 21, at 8.15 p. m. COHAN & HARRIS
Present the World's Biggest, Best and Most Famous Minstrel Organization,
GEO. EVANS' HONEY-BOY MINSTRELS

Presenting all that is big, new and novel in minstrelsy. The fastest, classiest and most extravagant presentation of entertainment of the kind the stage has ever offered.
Prices—25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1,